

# The picnic

*Junk Food - I*

meapuniverse

## The picnic by meapuniverse

**Series:** [Junk Food \[1\]](#)

**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

**Genre:** Add: Modern time, Edit: Reader is in college age, First ever fic!, Gen, I don't know how to tag this, Pennywise likes popcorn a little bit too much, Picnic, Popcorn, Swearing, i don't know where this one came from, like next time he wakes up after the movie timeline, little bit of swearing, maybe i'll do a continuation?, popcorn problems

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Pennywise (IT), Reader

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-09-23

**Updated:** 2017-09-23

**Packaged:** 2020-01-20 16:20:13

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,555

**Publisher:** [archiveofourown.org](http://archiveofourown.org)

**Summary:**

You were having a picnic with yourself without knowing you were close to a certain clown walking back home

# The picnic

## Author's Note:

English is not my first language, any errors please let me know!

When pennywise was done eating, he usually went right back to the sewers, but that time was different, he met you.

It was once on a weekend, by the river, when you were so bored that decided to have a picnic for you and aaaaall you Friends (ehm just you),so there you were, sitting by the grass with too many cookies, sodas and popcorn for one person, but it was just to drown your thoughts.

Everything was doing fine, the sun was going down already but you didn't mind, you liked the moon. Just when the first stars started appearing you heard it, was that...growling?

'ok shit better get going I'm not dealing with this right now' you thought, but just as you were starting to pick your things and packing them you smelled the nastiest thing you have ever smelled before, was that sewer water and...blood?!, "Oh hell no" you said out loud, and just as you were turning to leave you were tackled by a massive force.

You, and whatever it was, ended up in the shallow part of the river.

you struggled against it with the river rocks on your back, the last rays of sun let you see what it was that was about to kill you, it was a motherfucking clown!.

well, it looked like it, bright orange fluffy hair, White face with red lips and red markings to his eyes...oookay the horrible row of killer

teeth and all that saliva made you doubt about it being a REAL clown, but oh well, it was still trying to kill you, no time to speculate.

“Well well, i already had dinner, but who can say no to such a nice snack so close to home?, I’ve always loved picnics!” it put his nose against your neck and sniffed “Ahh, tasty beautiful fear!”

You were scared out of your mind, already sobbing from the fear, but at the same time your fucked up sense of humor decided to make its last stellar appearance. “uhm Mr. Evil clown sir, c-could you at least let me f-finish my shit before doing t-this whole ‘oh yeah fear’ thing you g-g-got going?, c-come on! I will taste better filled w-with sweets, I promise I won’t get away” just fifteen more minutes, you were going to procrastinate your death! Unbelievable.

The clown stopped for a second to watch you, for some reason it believed you, maybe it was because it was already filled with enough kids and fear, and you were just an unexpected snack on the way home.

It growled as if it was still thinking about it, but at the same time he got up, and slowly made its way to the trees behind your picnic, (It could still taste your fear from there so why not?).

Wow, you could not believe that actually worked!, you contemplated staying right where you were but you also knew the clown would lose its patience and come finish what it started, and honestly the anxiety of waiting for it without know when that would be, would have made you want to die either way.

So as surreal as it was, you got up, and got back to your picnic.

Three cans of coke, still half a dozen of chocolate chips cookies, and you hadn't even touched the popcorn yet, \*sigh\*, if you knew this was going to be your last meal, then you would have brought something better, like steak with fries or something, but oh well.

Continuing to eat was surprisingly easy, like, you thought maybe you would be a blubbering mess trying to fit everything in your mouth, or stalling and eating each cookie in a hundred mini bites, but nope, you had already downed a coke and ate three cookies while watching the stars, you guessed you were in shock or something.

For just a second, you thought...'maybe, I just imagined it...maybe I fell asleep and had such a fucking nightmare that a rolled into the river and woke up there', aahh, wouldn't that have been nice?

Out of curiosity you turned back to watch the trees behind you aaand, yep, there it was, well, you couldn't really see much of it but the glowing yellow eyes are hard to miss.

Instead of screaming you kept watching it while biting into your fourth cookie an-

Wait.

Was that your imagination or are its eyes following the cookie? (Hard to know given the fact that it's eyes are both looking different ways...)

Just for being a Little shit you moved the cookie farther from you just to prove it, and YES! It was looking intently at the cookie...maybe you could still get out of this one!

"So...do you want a cookie? Or a coke? I mean you and I are about to become very close, sooo.. Have you tried them before? Maybe you'll like them more than human flesh?" (Yeah right)

It chuckled but it almost sounded like a growl “I doubt those things can taste better than fear”.

“So, that’s a no? There are only two left...”

It narrowed its eyes dangerously, but started to get closer to you almost as if it were expecting the whole deal to be a trap. You could finally see his outfit, murky gray puffy pants and frills on its neck... and that sound? Oh it had bells hanging on the arms, If it wasn’t about to kill you maybe you would have complimented it on the costume.

Just as it was about to grab the cookie you pulled it away, almost shitting yourself in the process because, ‘what were you thinking! It could rip your arm without blinking and you still had like 15 more minutes to live! Make the best of it bitch!’

“ah ah! If you want it you gotta sit with me, it is a picnic no? And you said you love picnics” you were really playing with fire now.

Oh shit, you had done it now, it started to growl and salivate even more...but the eyes...was it your imagination or are they turning greenish?...maybe you should stop blaming you imagination, there is a killer clown if front of you, it could very much change its eye color if it so wanted.

Still, it took a seat right in front of you, the only thing separating you two was the cans of coke, and your backpack filled with a bag of popcorn.

You extended your arm with the cookie, trembling like mad, and it smirked as it took it slowly from your hand, it knew it had you scared

shitless... it was just playing with you...bitch.

The clown sniffed the cookie, as if it was poisoned, narrowing its eyes at it.

“I-it’s chocolate, the Brown parts are chocolate and the light parts are dough, it’s pretty much sugar and butter, its n-nothing bad...”

One last sniff and it took a big bite of it, only a little piece left.

Gurgling like mad and salivating even more it said, “I told you it wouldn’t taste better than fear, but your fear in the air makes a nice complement to the flavor” it smirked.

Uuhmm...okay? ”I don’t know what to say to that...so you didn’t like it?” you asked.

It ate the last bit of the cookie “it’s different, I had never tasted it, I have attracted kids before with the promise of chocolate and candies, but I didn’t know it tasted like this, I see why they give in so easily” he reluctantly said.

You felt like you were struck, did he fucking said Kids?!, oh god no you couldn’t do this right now, you needed to focus on the now!

“O-ooh so you did liked it!” you asked hopefully, maybe you still have a chance!

It growled at you warningly and made to stand up, “Wait!” you said,

“Don’t you want another one? o-or some coke or popcorn!?”

You pretty much pleaded with it, maybe you could still get alive from this, the chocolate wasn’t such a catch for it but who knows, maybe it will like something else, god dammit why didn’t you brought more things with you!? (Oh right, you aren’t made of money).

At the Word popcorn its eyes became full blue (ha! It wasn’t your imagination!), and it looked at you as if you were offering it the Holy Grail.

It sat down abruptly with an expectant look on its face, you were so surprised by this that it took you a second too long to actually react, but the moment its eyes blinked back to yellow you got going fast and took the popcorn out of your backpack.

It snatched it right out of your hands and ripped into the bag with its teeth, once the bag was open he sniffed at them and took one carefully into its hand. It looked back at you as if waiting for an explanation...was it expecting you to talk it through it? All right...

“erm...popcorn, it’s corn...that is popped...covered with butter... uhhh you can cover it with caramel and other things too...not poisonous?”

Satisfied with your answer, it put the popcorn right into its mouth... and then took a handful of them and started shoving them as if its life depended on it.

You chuckled, the bells on its arm sounded so funny when he shoved a handful of popcorn in its mouth!



While it was busy with that you opened a coke, your 'probably last beverage' of your life, and the sound the can did made the clown stop and look at you with narrowed eyes, as if you were about to attack him.

“This is just coke!, Jesus, it a fizzy drink full of sugar, not so poisonous”, you were already tense waiting for your death, and him looking at you like that just made you more anxious.

It relaxed (if that was even possible) and continued eating the popcorn, oh well you didn't want any anyway, it wasn't you favorite because it alwa-

\*HACK HACK HACK GLURP\*

It stopped eating and dropped the bag as if it had offended it, you looked at it surprised, what the fuck happened??.

It opened its mouth in such a way you actually were surprised you didn't faint on the spot (if you had thought it had too many teeth already... well think again!) its gloved fingers started to change into horrendous claws while it growled.

This is it, there you go, maybe not fifteen minutes but at least you got like five?, ten? Who knows!, how stupid of you to think you could get away with some fucking popcorn! You idiotidiotidiot-

You closed your eyes waiting for the claws to hit you, but after a few seconds you opened them again just to see- what the fuck were you seeing??

It had its mouth open like some kind of beastly human eating--

flower?, and it was using it's claws to...scrape its teeth?.

OH! It was taking those Little pieces of popcorn that always got stuck in the gums!...pff you would have laughed right then and there if the situation wasn't so dangerous, who would have thought and evil clown would get this kind of problems?.

“Uhm, y-yeah sorry I forgot about those, they are, I-i think they are called hulls? It's like the outer part of the corn before it's popped, it's normal that they get stuck in the gums...pretty annoying but not lethal...hehe”

When it was done with that, it closed its mouth and looked at you... maybe it was deciding if the offense was big enough to just kill you first and finish the popcorn later.

You had to think fast, time is running out!

“uhm, D-do you want a coke?, it's still c-cold and it will help with the hulls” pleasepleaseplease not yet not yet jut five more minutes!

It smirked, smelling your fear, and took the coke from your hand, it didn't know how you had opened it but that wasn't a problem, it just needed a claw to punch a hole through the lid and drink from it.

“t-thats not how...all right it Works...” you could work on that later (wait what?)

It gulped the soda down in three big gulps, threw the can away and took the popcorn bag again to continue eating, this time slower, maybe it was cautious of the hulls.

“O-Okay, so before you kill me Mr. Evil clown, I’d like to at least tell you my name, right? I’m (Y/N), I lived (Y/A) years on this planet and I had never seen anyone enjoy popcorns quite as much as you do Mr. Evil clown” you chuckled, that came out right, nice last words, maybe it would have had a bigger effect if you weren’t trembling all over.

It stopped eating to look at you exasperated. “I’m not ‘Mr. Evil clown’, I’m Pennywise, The Dancing Clown” he said ruffling his frills, for some reason you think he couldn’t avoid the frills part, as if it was part of a show. “And I hadn’t eaten fresh popcorn in decades, it tastes better without the sewer water flavor”, he said and continued eating.

Fuck, the bag was almost empty now. A few tears escaped your eyes.

Yeah you always thought about dying in a funny “guess I’ll die then” way, but now it’s going to happen for real...

You laid down on the grass, the moon was already out and the stars looked beautiful, that’s the only thing you loved of Derry, this place was so far away from urbanization that the light the town emitted wasn’t enough to not let you look at the stars.

You could hear the popcorn bag being rustled. Empty.

You closed your eyes crying silently, trying not to sob, you heard the clown getting up, the bells sounding softly from his movements.

Steps were coming your way now, you knew he was looking at you, and couldn’t help to wonder what color were his eyes in that moment.

But for the little life you still had, you just couldn't open your eyes...maybe if you died with your eyes closed you wouldn't notice?.

A drip of saliva landed on your cheek, THIS IS IT FUCK THIS IS IT-

"Next time i want to try those caramel popcorn you said" he said in that growling voice of his.

WHAT?!

You opened your eyes surprised.

He was nowhere to be seen.

After that you don't really remember much, you have glimpses of you picking out the trash from your picnic (because apparently that was top priority at the moment), and then getting in your car, going home and getting in bed fully clothed.

Then you woke up in the middle of the night screaming and crying

"WHAT THE FUCK DID JUST FUCKING HAPPENED?!"

And that is what takes you to the present, on your new routine of bringing a big ass bag of popcorn every weekend, in exchange for your life apparently.

"I hope you didn't bring the "light" popcorn, or I swear I'll have to add your blood to them just to be able to eat them!" you would hear.

\*sigh\* isn't he fucking sweet?

### **Author's Note:**

i don't know if to be ashamed that my first ever fic is because an alien disguised as a clown that eats fear and children but oh well.

this started with one of those prompts about timeout starters and i don't know how i ended up here xD.

This is the first time i write something like this, i understand if it's not as good as you hope, but thanks for reading!